THE CHARACTER

OF

A London-Diurnall:

With ſeverall ſelect

POEMS.

By the ſame Author.

Noviſſima & caſtigatiſſima Editio.

Printed in the Yeere clɔ Iɔc XLVII.

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THE CHARACTER OF A London-Diurnall.

Diurnall is a puny Chronicle, ſcarce pin-feather'd with the wings of time: It is an Hiſtory in *Sippets*; the Engliſh *Iliads* in a Nut-ſhell; the *Apocryphall* Parliaments booke of *Machabees* in ſingle ſheets. It would tire a Welch pedigree, to reckon how many aps 'tis remov'd from an Annall: For it is of that Extract; only of the younger Houſe, like a Shrimp to a Lobſter. The *originall ſinner* in this kind was Dutch; *Gallobelgicus* the *Protoplaſt*; and the *moderne Mercuries* but *Hans-en Kelders*. The Counteſſe of *Zealand* was brought to bed of an Almanacke; as many Children, as dayes in the yeare. It may be the *Legiſlative Lady* is of that Linage; ſo ſhe ſpawnes the *Diurnalls*, and they at *Weſtminſter*, take them in Adoption, by the names of *Scoticus*, *Crocus*, *Britannicus*. In the Frontiſpiece of the old *Beldame-Diurnall*, like the Contents of the Chapter, ſits the Houſe of Commons judging the twelve Tribes of *Iſrael*. You may call them, the Kingdomes Anatomy before the weekly Kalender: For ſuch is a *Diurnall*, the day of the moneth, with what weather in the Common-wealth. 'Tis taken for the Pulſe of the Body-Politique; and the Emperick-Divines of the Aſſembly, thoſe ſpirituall *Dragooners*, thumbe it accordingly. Indeed it is a pretty *Synopſis*; and thoſe grave

Rabbies (though in point of Divinity) trade in no larger Authors. The Country-Carrier, when he buyes it for their Vicar, miscalls it the *Vripall*; yet properly enough; For it casts the water of the State, ever since it staled bloud. It differs from an *Aulicus*, as the Devill and his Exorcist; or as a black Witch doth from a white one, whose office is to unravell her inchantments.

It begins usually with an Ordinance, which is a Law stilborne, dropt, before quickned by the Royall assent: 'Tis one of the Parliaments by-blowes, (Acts only being legitimate) and hath no more Sire, then a Spanish Genner, that's begotten by the wind.

Thus their *Militia* (like its Patron *Mars*) is the issue only of the Mother, without the concourse of Royall *Iupiter*.

Yet Law it is, if they vote it, though in defiance of their *Fundamentals*; like the old *Sexton*, who swore his Clocke went true, what ever the Sun said to the contrary.

The next *Ingredient* of a *Diurnall* is Plots, horrible plots; which with wonderfull Sagacity it hunts drifoot, while they are yet in their Causes, before *Materia prima* can put on her smocke. How many such fits of the Mother have troubled the Kingdome, and (for all Sir *Walter Earle* lookes like a Man-Midwife) not yet delivered of so much, as a Cushion? But Actors must have their properties; And, since the Stages were voted down, the only Playhouse is at *Westminster*.

Suteable to their plots are their Informers; *Skippers* and *Taylours*; Spaniels both for the Land and the Water: *Good conscionable* Intelligence. For, however *Pym's* Bill may inflame the reckoning, the honest Vermine have not so much for lying, as the *Publike Faith*.

Thus a zealous Botcher in *Morefields*, while he was contriving

triving some *Quirpo-out* of Church Government, by the help of his out-lying Eares, and the *Diaconsticon* of the Spirit, discovered such a plot, that *Selden* intends to combate Antiquity, and maintaine it was a Taylors Goose, that preserved the *Capitoll*.

I wonder my Lord of *Canterbury* is not once more all-to-be-traitored for dealing with the Lions, to settle the Commission of Array in the Tower. It would doe well to crampe the Articles Dormant, besides the opportunity of Reforming those Beasts of the Prerogative, and changing their prophaner names of *Harry* and *Charles*, into *Nehemiah* and *Eleazar*.

Suppose a Corne-cutter, being to give little *Isaac* a cast of his Office, should fall to paring his Browes, mistaking the one end for the other; because he branches at both. This would be a plot; and the next *Diurnall* would furnish you with this Scale of Votes.

Resolved upon the Question, that this Act of the Corne-cutters was an absolute Invasion of the Cities Charter, in the *representative* Forehead of *Isaac*. Resolved, that the evill Counsellours about the Corne-cutter are Popishly affected, and enemies to the State. Resolved, that there be a publike Thanksgiving for the great deliverance of *Isaack's* Brow-antlers; and a solemne Covenant drawne up to defie the Corne-cutter, and all his workes.

Thus the *Quixotes* of this Age fight with the Windmils of their owne heads; quell Monsters of their owne creation; make plots and then discover them, as who fitter to unkennell the Fox, then the Tarryer, that is a part of him.

In the third place march their adventures; the *Round-heads* Legend, the Rebels Romance; Stories of a larger size, then the Eares of their Sect; able to strangle the beliefe of a *Soli-fidian*.

I'le present them in their order; and first, as a Whiffeler before the shew, enter *Stamford*; one that trod the Stage with the first, travers'd his ground, made a legge and *Exit*. The Country-people tooke him for one, that by Order of the Houses was to dance a Morice through the West of *England*. Well, hee's a nimble Gentleman; set him but upon *Banks* his Horse in a Saddle Rampant; and it is a great question, which part of the Centaure shewes better trickes.

There was a Vote passing to translate him, with all his Equipage into Monumentall Ginger-bread; but it was cros'd by the Female-Committee, alleadging that the valour of his Image would bite their Children by the Tongues.

This Cubit and an halfe of Commander, by the helpe of a *Diurnall*, routed his Enemies fifty miles off: 'tis strange you'l say; and yet it is generally beleeved, he would as soone do it at that distance, as nearer hand. Sure it was his Sword, for which the weapon salve was invented: that so wounding and healing, like loving *Correlates*, might both worke at the same removes.

But the squibbe is run to the end of the Rope. Roome for the *Prodigie* of *Valour*, *Madam Atropos* in breeches; *Wales* Knight-errantry: and, because every *Mountebanke* must have his *Zany*, throw him in *Hasterigge*, to set off his storie: these two like *Bell* and the *Dragon*, are alwaies worshipped in the same Chapter: they hunt in their Couples, what one doth at the head, the other scores up at the heele.

Thus they kill a man over and over, as *Hopkins* and *Sternhold* murder the Psalmes, with another to the same; one chimes all in, and then the other strikes up, as the Saints-Bell.

I wonder, for how many lives my Lord *Hoptons* Soule tooke the Lease of his Body.

First,

First, *Stamford* slew him: then *Waller* out-killed that halfe a Barre: and yet it is thought the sullen corps would scarce bleed, were both these Man-slayers never so near it.

The fame goes of a *Dutch* Heads man, that he would doe his office with so much ease and Dexterity, that the Head after execution should stand still upon the shoulders: pray God Sir *William* be not Probationer for the place. For, as if he had the like knacke too, most of those, whom the *Diurnall* hath slaine for him, to us poore Mortals seeme untoucht.

Thus these Artificers of Death can kill the man, without wounding the body, like lightning, that melts the Sword, and never singes the Scabbard.

This is the *William*, whose Lady is the *Conquerour*; This is the *Cities Champion*, and the *Diurnalls delight*; he, that Cuckolds the Generall in his Commission: for he stalkes with *Essex*, and shoots under his belly, because his Excellency himselfe is not charged there. Yet in all this triumph there is a whip and a Bell: Translate but the Scene to *Bound meydowne*: There *Hasterigg's* Lobsters were turned into Crabs, and crawl'd backwards, there poore Sir *William* ran to his Lady for a use of consolation.

But the *Diurnall* is weary of the Arme of flesh, and now begins an *Hosanna* to *Cromwell*, one that hath beat up his Drums cleane through the Old Testament: you may learne the Genealogy of our Saviour, by the names in his Regiment: The Muster-Master uses no other List, then the first Chapter of *Matthew*.

With what face can they object to the King the bringing in of Forraigners, when themselves entertaine such an Army of *Hebrewes*? This *Cromwell* is never so valorous, as when he is making Speeches for the Association, which nevertheless he doth somwhat ominously, with his necke awry, holding up his eare, as if he expected *Mahomets Pidgeon*

to

to come, and prompt him: He ſhould be a bird of prey too, by his bloudy beake: his noſe is able to try a young Eagle, whether ſhe be lawfully begotten. But all is not Gold that gliſters: What we wonder at in the reſt of them, is naturall to him; to kill without Bloud-ſhed: For moſt of his Trophees are in a Church-Window; when a Looking-Glaſſe would ſhew him more ſuperſtition. He is ſo perfect a hater of Images, that he hath defaced Gods in his owne Countenance. If he deale with Men, it is when he takes them napping in an old Monument: Then downe goes duſt and aſhes. And the ſtouteſt Cavalier is no better. O brave *Oliver*! Times voyder, Sub-ſizer to the Wormes; in whom Death, that formerly devoured our Anceſtors, now chewes the Cud. He ſaid Grace once, as if he would have ſalne aboard with the Marqueſſe of *Newcaſtle*: Nay, and the *Diurnall* gave you his Bill of Fare; But it prov'd but a running Banquet, as appeares by the Story. Beleeve him as he whiſtles to his *Cambridge Teeme* of Committee-men, and he doth Wonders. But Holy men (like the *Holy language*) muſt be read backwards. They rifle Colledges, to promote Learning; and pull-downe Churches for Edification. But Sacriledge is entailed upon him: There muſt be a *Cromwell* for Cathedrals, as well as Abbyes: A ſecure ſinner, whoſe offence carries its Pardon in its mouth: For how can he be hanged for Church robbery, which gives it ſelfe the Benefit of the Clergie?

But for all *Cromwels* Noſe weares the Dominicall Letter, yet compared with *Manchester*, he is but like the *Vigils* to an Holy-day. This, this, is the man of God; ſo ſanctified a Thunder-bolt, that *Burrowes* in a proportionable blaſphemy to his *Lord of Hoſts*, would ſtile him the *Arch-Angell*, giving Battell to the Devill.

Indeed, as the Angels, each of them makes a ſeverall

Species;

Species; ſo every one of his Souldiers is a diſtinct Church. Had theſe beaſts beene to enter the Arke; it would have puzled *Noah* to have ſorted them into Paires. If ever there were a Rope of Sand, it was ſo many Sects twiſted into an Aſſociation.

They agree in nothing, but that they are all *Adamites* in Underſtanding: It is the ſigne of a Coward, to *winke*, and *fight*; yet all their Valour proceeds from their *Ignorance*.

But I wonder whence their Generals purity proceeds, it is not by *Traduction*: if he was begotten Saint, it was by Equivocall Generation: for the Devill in the Father is turn'd Monke in the Sonne; ſo his godlineſſe is of the ſame Parentage with good Lawes; both extracted out of bad Manners; and would he alter the Scripture, as he hath attempted the Creed, he might vary the Text; and ſay to Corruption, Thou art my *Father*.

This is he, that hath put out one of the Kingdomes eyes, by clouding our Mother-Univerſity, and (if the Scotch-miſt further prevaile) will extinguiſh this other: He hath the like quarrell to both; becauſe both are ſtrung with the ſame *Optick Nerve, knowing Loyalty*. Barbarous Rebell! who will be reveng'd upon all Learning, becauſe his Treaſon is beyond the mercy of the Booke.

The *Diurnall* as yet hath not talk't much of his Victories, but there is the more behind: For the Knight muſt alwaies beate the Gyant; That's reſolve'd. If any thing fall out amiſs, which cannot be ſmothered, the *Diurnall* hath a helpe at Maw; It is but putting to Sea, and taking a *Daniſh Fleet*; or brewing it with ſome ſucceſſe out of *Ireland*, and it goes downe merrily.

There are more Puppets, that move by the Wyre of a *Diurnall*; as *Brereton* and *Gell*; two of *Mars* his Petty-toes,

ſuch ſnivelling Cowards, that it is a favour to call them ſo; was *Brereton* to fight with his teeth, as in all other things he reſembles the Beaſt, hee would have odds of any man at the weapon; O hee's a terrible ſlaughter-man at a Thanks-giving Dinner, had hee beene a *Cannibal* to have eaten thoſe that he vanquiſh'd, his gut would have made him valiant.

The greateſt wonder is at *Fairfax*, how he comes to be a Babe of Grace? Certainely it is not in his perſonall, but (as the *State Sophies* diſtinguiſh) in his Politique Capacity; regenerated *ab extrâ*, by the zeale of the Houſe he ſate in, as Chickens are hatcht at *Grand Cairo*, by the adoption of an Oven.

There is the *Wood-Monger* too, a ſeeble crutch to a declining cauſe; a new Branch of the old *Oake* of *Reformation*.

And now I ſpeak of Reformation, *vous avez Fox*, the Tinker; the livelieſt Emblem of it that may be; For what did this Parliament ever goe about to reforme, but Tinkerwiſe, in mending one hole they made three.

But I have not Inke enough to cure all the Tetters and Ring-worms of the State.

I will cloſe up all thus. The Victories of the Rebels are like the Magicall combate of *Apuleius*; who, thinking hee had ſlaine three of his Enemies, found them at laſt, but a Triumvirate of Bladders. Such, and ſo empty, are the Triumphs of a *Diurnall*: but ſo many impoſtumated Fancies, ſo many Bladders of their own blowing.

FINIS.

POEMS.

Upon an Hermophrodite

SIr, or Madame, chuſe you whether,
Nature twiſt'd you both together:
And makes thy foule two garbes confeſs,
Both Petticoat and Breeches dreſs.
Thus we chaſtiſe the God of *Wine*
With water that is Feminine,
Untill the cooler Nymph abate
His wrath, and ſo concorporate.
Adam till his rib was loſt,
Had both Sexes thus ingroſt:
When Providence our Sire did cleave,
And out of *Adam* carved *Eve*,
Then did man 'bout Wedlock treat
To make his body up compleat:
Thus Matrimony ſpeaks but *Thee*
In a grave ſolemnity.
For man and wife, make but one right
Canonicall *Hermophrodite*.
Ravell thy body, and I finde
In every limb a double kinde.
Who would not think that head a paire,
That breeds ſuch faction in the haire?
One halfe ſo churliſh in the touch,
That rather then endure ſo much,

I would my tender limbes apparell
In *Regulus* his nailed barrell:
But the other halfe ſo ſmall,
And ſo amorous withall,
That *Cupid* thinkes each haire doth grow
A ſtring for his invis'ble Bow.
When I looke babies in thine eyes,
Here *Venus*, there *Adonis* lies.
And though thy beauty be high noone,
Thy Orbe containes both Sun and Moone.
How many melting kiſſes skip
'Twixt thy Male and Female lip?
'Twixt thy upper bruſh of haire
And thy nether beards diſpaire.
When thou ſpeak'ſt I would not wrong,
Thy ſweetneſſe with a double tongue:
But in every ſingle ſound
A perfect Dialogue is found.
Thy breaſts diſtinguiſh one another;
This the ſiſter, that the brother.
When thou joyn'ſt hands, my eare ſtill fancies
The Nuptiall ſound, I *John* take *Frances*:
Feele but the difference, ſoft and rough;
This a Gantlet, that a Muffe:
Had ſly *Vliſſes*, at the ſacke
Of *Troy*, brought thee his Pedlers pack,
And weapons too to know *Achilles*
From King *Nicomedes Phillis*,
His plot had fail'd; this hand would feele
The Needle, that the warlike ſteele.
When Muſick doth thy pace advance,
Thy right legge takes thy left to dance.

Nor

Nor is't a Galliard danc't by one,
But a mixt dance, though alone:
Thus every heteroclite part
Changes gender, but thy heart.
Nay thoſe which modeſt can meane,
And dare not ſpeake, are Epicœne;
That Gameſter needs muſt overcome,
That can play both Tib, and Tom.
Thus did natures mintage vary,
Coyning thee a *Philip and Mary*.

The Authors Hermophrodite, *made after M.* Randolphs *death, yet inſerted into his Poems.*

PRobleme of Sexes; muſt thou likewiſe bee
As diſputable in thy Pedigree?
Thou Twins-in-one, in whom Dame Nature tries
To throw leſſe then Aumes-ace upon two dyes;
Wer't thou ſerv'd up two in one diſh, the rather
To ſplit thy Sire into a double father?
True, the worlds ſcales are even: what the maine
In one place gets, another quits againe.
Nature loſt one by thee, and therefore muſt
Slice me in two, to keep her number juſt:
Pluralitie of livings is thy ſtate,
And therefore mine muſt be impropriate.
For ſince the child is mine, and yet the claime
Is intercepted by anothers name,

Never

Never did ſteeple carry double truer,
His is the Donative, and mine the Cure.
Then ſay my Muſe (and without more diſpute)
Who 'tis that fame doth ſuperinſtitute.
The *Theban* Wittall when he once deſcries,
Iove is his rivall, falls to Sacrifice
That name hath tipt his hornes: ſee on his knees
A health to Hanſ-en-Kelder *Hercules*.
Nay ſublunarie Cuckolds are content
To entertaine their Fate with complement;
And ſhall not he be proud whom *Randolph* daignes
To quarter with his Muſe both Armes and Braines?
Gramercy Goſſip? I rejoyce to ſee
Shee'th got a leap of ſuch a Barberie.
Talk not of hornes, hornes are the Poets Creſt:
For ſince the Muſes left their former neſt,
To found a Nunnerie in *Randolphs* quill,
Cuckold *Parnaſſus* is a forked hill.
But ſtay I've wak't his duſt, his Marble ſtirres,
And brings the wormes for his Compurgators.
Can Ghoſt have naturall Sonnes? ſay *Ogg*, is't meet
Pennance beare date after the winding-ſheet?
Were it a *Phœnix* (as the double kinde
May ſeem to prove, being there's two combin'd)
It would diſclaime my right: and that it were
The lawfull Iſſue of his aſhes, ſweare.
But was he dead? did not his ſoule tranſlate
Her ſelfe into a ſhop of leſſer rate?
Or break up houſe like an expenſive Lord
That gives his Purſe a ſob, and lives at board?
Let old *Pythagoras* but play the Pimp,
And ſtill there's hopes 't may prove his baſtard imp.

But

But I'me prophane: For grant the world had one
With whom he might contract an union,
They two were one: yet like an Eagle ſpread,
I'th body joyn'd, but parted in the head.
For you my brat that poſe the porph'ry Chair
Pope *Iohn* or *Ioan*, or whatſoe're you are,
You are a Nephew. Grieve not at your ſtate,
For all the world is illegitimate.
Man cannot get a man unleſſe the Sun
Club to the act of Generation;
The ſun and man get man, thus *Tom* and I
Are the joynt fathers of my Poetry.
For ſince (bleſt ſhade) this Verſe is Male, but mine
O'th' weaker Sex, a Fancy Fœminine:
Wee'll part the childe, and yet commit no ſlaughter,
So ſhall it be thy Son, and yet my Daughter.

Upon Phillis *walking in a morning before Sun-riſing.*

THe ſluggiſh morne, as yet undreſt,
My *Phillis* brake from out her Eaſt;
As if ſhee'd made a match to run
With *Venus* Uſher to the ſun.
The Trees like yeomen of her guard,
Serving more for pomp then ward,
Rank't on each ſide with loyall duty,
Weave branches to encloſe her beauty.
The Plants whoſe luxury was lopt,
Or age with crutches underpropt;

Whoſe

Whoſe wooden carkaſes are growne
To be but coffins of their owne;
Revive, and at her generall dole
Each receives his ancient ſoule:
The winged Choriſters began
To chirpe their Mattins: and the Fan
Of whiſtling winds like Organs plai'd,
Untill their Voluntaries made
The wakened earth in Odours riſe
To be her morning Sacrifice.
The flowers call'd out of their beds,
Start, and raiſe up their drowſie heads:
And he that for their colour ſeekes,
May find it vaulting in her cheekes,
Where Roſes mixe: no Civill War
Betweene her *Yorke* and *Lancaſter:*
The Marigold whoſe Courtiers face
Ecchoes the Sun, and doth unlace
Her at his riſe, at his full ſtop
Packs and ſhuts up her gaudy ſhop,
Miſtakes her eue, and doth diſplay.
Thus *Philis* antidates the day.

These miracles had cramp't the Sunne,
Who thinking that his kingdom's wonne,
Powders with light his freezled lockes,
To ſee what Saint his luſtre mocks.
The trembling leaves through which he plaid,
Dapling the walke with light and ſhade,
Like Lattice-windowes, give the ſpie
Roome but to peep with halfe an eye;
Leaſt her full Orb his ſight ſhould dim,
And bids us all good-night in him,

Till

Till ſhe would ſpend a gentle ray
To force us a new faſhion'd day.
But what religious Paulſie's this
Which makes the boughs diveſt their bliſs?
And that they might her foot-ſteps ſtrawe,
Drop their leaves with ſhivering awe.
Phillis perceives, and (leaſt her ſtay
Should wed October unto May;
And as her beauty caus'd a Spring,
Devotion might an Autumne bring)
With-drew her beames, yet made no night
But left the Sun her Curate-light.

Vpon a Miſer *that made a great Feaſt, and the next day dyed for griefe.*

NOr ſcapes he ſo: our dinner was ſo good,
My liquoriſh Muſe cannot but chew the cood:
And what delight ſhee tooke i'th'invitation,
Strives to taſt o're again in this relation.
After a tedious Grace in *Hopkins* rithmne,
Not for devotion, but to take up time,
March't the train'd-band of diſhes uſher'd there,
To ſhew their poſtures, and then *As they were.*
For he invites no teeth, perchance the eye
Hee will afford the Lovers gluttony;
Thus is the Feaſt a muſter, not a fight;
Our weapons not for ſervice, but for ſight.
But are we Tantaliſi'd? is all this meat
Cook'd by a Limner for to view, not eat?

Th' Aſtrologers keep ſuch *Houſes* when thy ſup
On joynts of *Taurus*, or their heavenly Tup.
What ever feaſts he made are ſum'd up here,
His table vyes not ſtanding with his cheare.
His Churchings, Chriſt'nings, in this Meale are all,
And not transſcrib'd, but i'th Originall.
Chriſtmas is no Feaſt moveable for loe
The ſelf-ſame dinner was ten years agoe:
'Twill be immortall if it longer ſtay,
The Gods will eat it for *Ambroſia*.
But ſtay a while; unleſſe my whinyard faile,
Or it inchanted, I'le cut of th'intaile.
Saint George for Englnd then: have at the mutton,
When the firſt cut calls me bloud-thirſty glutton:
What *Ajax* with his anger-quodl'd braine
Killing a ſheep thought *Agamemnon* ſlaine:
The fiction's now prov'd true; wounding his roaſt,
I lamentably butcher up mine hoaſt.
Such ſympathie is with his meat, my weapon
Makes him an Eunuch, when it carves his Capon.
Cut a Gooſe-legge, and the poore ſoule for moane
Turnes Creeple too, and after ſtands on one.
Have you not heard th'abominable ſport
A *Lancaſter* grand Jurie will report?
The ſouldier with his Morglay watch't the Mill,
The Cats they came to feaſt, when luſtie *Will*
Whips of great Puſſes leg, which by ſome charme
Proves the next day ſuch an old womans arme:
'Tis ſo with him whoſe karkaſe never 'ſcapes,
But ſtill we ſlaſh him in a thouſand ſhapes.
Our ſerving-men like Spaniels range, to ſpring
The ſowle which he hath clok't under his wing.

Should

Should he on Widgeon, or on Woodcock feed,
It were (*Thyeſtes*-like) on his owne breed.
To porke he pleads a ſuperſtition due,
But not a mouth is muzled by the Jew.
Sawces we ſhould have none, had he his wiſh,
The Oranges i'th margent of the diſh
He with ſuch Hucſters tells them o're and o're
Th' *Heſperian* Dragon never watch them more.
But being eaten now into diſpaire,
Having nought elſe to doe, he falls to prayer:
As thou did'ſt once put on the forme of Bull,
And turn'ſt thy *Io* to a lovely Mull,
Defend my rump great *Iove*; grant this poor beeſe
May live to comfort me in all this griefe.
But no *Amen* was ſaid: See, ſee it comes,
Draw boyes, let Trumpets ſound & ſtrike up Drums.
See how his blood doth with the gravie ſwim,
And every trencher has a limb of him. (per,
The Ven'ſons now in view, our Hounds ſpend dee-
Strange Deer, which in the Paſty hath a Keeper
Stricter then in the Park, making his gueſt
(As he had ſtoln't alive) to ſteale it dreſt:
The ſcent was hot; and we purſuing faſter,
Then *Ovids* pack of dogs e're chas'd their Maſter,
A double prey at once we ſeize upon,
Actæon and his caſe of Veniſon:
Thus was he torne alive. To vex him worſe,
Death ſerves him up now as a ſecond courſe.
Should we, like *Thracians*, our dead bodies eat,
He would have liv'd only to ſave his meat.

A young Man to an old Woman Courting him.

PEace Beldam *Eve*: ſurceaſe thy ſuit,
There's no temptation in ſuch fruit.
No rotten Medlers, whil'ſt there be
Whole Orchards in Virginitie.
Thy ſtock is too much out of date
For tender plants t'inoculate
A match with thee thy bridegroome fears
Would be thought Int'reſt in his years,
Which when compar'd to thine, become
Odd money to thy Grandam ſumme.
Can Wedlock know ſo great a curſe
As putting husbands out to Nurſe?
How *Pond* and *Rivers* would miſtake,
And Cry new Almanacks for our ſake?
Time ſure hath wheel'd about his yeare,
December meeting *Ianivere*.
The Egyptian Serpent, figures time,
And ſtript, returnes unto his Prime:
If my affection thou would'ſt win,
Firſt caſt thy Hieroglyphick skin.
My moderne lips know not (alack)
The old Religion of thy ſmack.
I count that primitive embrace,
As out of faſhion as thy face.
And yet ſo long 'tis ſince thy fall,
Thy Fornication's Claſſicall.
Our ſports will differ: thou muſt play
Leero, and I *Alphonſo* way.

I'me no tranſlator; have no veine
To turne a woman young againe:
Unleſſe you'l grant the Tailors due,
To ſee the forebodies be new:
I love to weare cloathes that are fluſh,
Not prefacing old rags with pluſh:
Like Aldermen, or Monſter Shreeves,
With Canvas Backs, and Velvet Sleeves.
And juſt ſuch diſcord there would be
Betwixt thy Skeleton and me.
Goe ſtudy Salve and Treacle, ply
Your Tenants leg, or his ſore eye;
Thus Matrons purchaſe credit thank
Six penny-worth of Mountebank.
Or chew thy cood on ſome delight
Thou takeſt in thy *Eighty Eight*.
Or be but Bedrid once, and then
Thoul't dream thy youthfull ſinnes agen.
But if thou needs will be my Spouſe,
Firſt hearken, and attend my Vowes:
" When *Etna's* fires ſhall undergo
" The penance of the *Alpes* in ſnow,
" When *Sol* at one blaſt of his horne
" Poſts from the *Crab* to *Capricorne*,
" When th'heavens ſhuffle all in one,
" The Torrid with the Frozen *Zone*;
" When all theſe contradictions meet,
" Then (*Sybill*) thou and I will greet.
For all theſe ſimilies do hold
In my young heat and thy dull cold;
Then if a Feaver be ſo good
A Pimp, as to inflame thy blood,

Hymen ſhall twiſt thee and thy Page,
The diſtinct Tropicks of Mans age.
Well (Madam Time) be ever bald,
I'le not thy Perywig be call'd:
I'le never be, 'ſtead of a Lover,
An aged Chronicles new Cover.

To Mrs. K. T. who askt him why hee was dumb.

STay, ſhould I anſwer (Lady) then
In vaine would be your queſtion.
Should I be dumb, why then againe
Your asking me would be in vaine.
Silence nor ſpeech (on neither hand)
Can ſatisfie this ſtrange demand.
Yet ſince your will throwes me upon
This wiſhed contradiction,
I'le tell you how I did become
So ſtrangely (as you heare mee) dumb.
Ask but the Chap-falne Puritan,
'Tis zeale that tongue-ties that good man:
For heat of Conſcience, all men hold,
Is th' onely way to catch that cold.
How ſhould loves zealot then forbear
To be your ſi'enc'd Miniſter?
Nay your Religion which doth grant
A worſhip due to you my Saint,
Yet counts it that devotion wrong
That does it in the vulgar tongue.

My

My rnder words would give offence
To ſuch an hallow'd excellence,
As th' Engliſh Dialect would vary
The goodneſſe of an *Ave Mary*.
How can I ſpeake, that twice am checkt
By this and that religious Sect?
Still dumb, and in your face I ſpie
Still cauſe, and ſtill Divinitie.
As ſoone as bleſt with your ſalute,
My Manners taught mee to be mute:
For, leaſt they cancell all the bliſſe
You ſign'd with ſo divine a kiſſe,
The lips you ſeale muſt needs conſent
Unto the tongues impriſonment.
My tongue in hold, my voice doth riſe
(With a ſtrange *E-la*) to my eyes;
Where it gets Baile, and in that ſenſe
Begins a new-found Eloquence.
Oh liſten with attentive ſight
To what my pratling eyes indite.
Or (Lady) ſince 'tis in your choice,
To give, or to ſuſpend my voice,
With the ſame key ſet ope the doore
Wherewith you lockt it faſt before;
Kiſſe once againe, and when you thus
Have doubly been miraculous,
My muſe ſhal write with Handmaids duty
The Golden Legend of your Beauty.

He whom his dumbneſſe now confines,
But means to ſpeake the reſt by ſignes.

I.C.

A faire Nimph scorning a Black Boy Courting her.

Nymph. STand off, and let me take the aire,
Why should the smoak pursue the faire?
Boy. My face is smoak, thence may be guest
What flames within have scorch'd my brest.
Nymph. The flame of love I cannot view,
For the dark Lanthorne of thy hue.
Boy. And yet this Lanthorne keeps loves Taper
Surer then yours, that's of white paper.
What ever midnight hath been here,
The Moon-shine of your light can cleare.
Nymph. My Moon of an Eccliple is fraid,
If thou should'st interpose thy shade.
Boy. Yet one thing (sweet-heart) I will ask,
Buy me for a new false Mask.
Nymph. Yes: but my bargaine shall be this,
I'le throw my Maske off when I kiss.
Boy. Our curl'd embraces shall delight
To checquer limbs with black, and white.
Nymph. Thy inke, my paper, make me guesse,
Our Nuptiall bed will make a Presse,
And in our sports, if any came,
They'l read a wanton Epigram.
Boy. Why should my Black thy love impaire?
Let the darke shop commend thy ware:
Or if thy love from black forbeares,
I'le strive to wash it of with teares.
Nymph. Spare fruitless teares, since thou must needs
Still weare about thee mourning weeds:

Teares

Teares can no more affection win,
Then waſh thy Æthiopian skin.

A Dialogue between two Zealots, upon the &c. in the Oath.

SIr *Roger*, from a zealous peece of Freeze,
Rais'd to a Vicar of the Childrens threes;
Whoſe yearely Audit may, by ſtrict accompt,
To twenty Nobles, and his Vailes amount;
Fed on the Common of the femal charity,
Untill the Scots can bring about their parity;
So ſhotten, that his ſoule, like to himſelfe,
Walks but in *Querpo*: This ſame Clergie Elfe,
Encount'ring with a Brother of the Cloth,
Fell preſently to Cudgells with the Oath.
The Quarrell was a ſtrange miſ-ſhapen Monſter,
&c. (God bleſſe us) which they conſter,
The Brand upon the buttock of the Beaſt,
The Dragons taile ti'd on a knot, a neaſt
Of young *Apocryphaes*, the faſhion
Of a new mental Reſervation.
While *Roger* thus divides the Text, the other
Winks and expounds, ſaying, My pious Brother,
Hearken with reverence; for the point is nice,
I never read on't, but I faſted twice,
And ſo by Revelation know it better
Then all the learn'd Idolaters o'th' Letter.
With that he ſwell'd, and fell upon the Theame,
Like great *Goliah* with his Weavers beame:

I ſay to thee *&c.* thou li'ſt,
Thou art the curled locke of Antichriſt:
Rubbiſh of *Babell*, for who will not ſay
Tongues were confounded in *&c.*
Who ſweares *&c.* ſweares more oathes at once
Then *Cerberus* out of his Triple Sconce.
Who views it well, with the ſame eye beholds
The old halfe Serpent in his numerous foulds.
Accurſt *&c.* thou, for now I ſcent
What lately the prodigious Oyſters meant.
Oh *Booker*, *Booker*, how cam'ſt thou to lack
This ſigne in thy Prophetick Almanack?
It's the darke Vault wherein th' infernal plot
Of powder 'gainſt the State was firſt begot.
Peruſe the Oath, and you ſhall ſoon deſcry it
By all the Father *Garnets* that ſtand by it.
'Gainſt whom the Church, whereof I am a Member,
Shall keep another fifth day of November.
Yet here's not all, I cannot halfe untruſs
&c. it's ſo abominous.
The *Trojan* Nag was not ſo fully lin'd,
Unrip *&c.* and you ſhall find
Og the great Commiſſarie, and which is worſe,
Th' Apparatour upon his skew-bald Horſe.
Then (finally my Babe of Grace) forbeare,
&c. will be too farre to ſweare:
For'tis (to ſpeak in a familiar ſtile)
A Yorkſhire Wea-bit, longer then a mile.
Then *Roger* was inſpir'd, and by Gods-diggers,
Hee'l ſweare in words at large, and not in figures.
Now by this drinke, which he takes off, as loth
To leave *&c.* in his liquid Oath.

His

His brother pledg'd him, and that bloody wine,
He ſwears ſhall ſeal the Synods *Cataline*.
So they drunk on, not offering to part
Til they had quite ſworn out th'eleventh quart:
While all that ſaw and heard them joyntly pray,
They and their Tribe were all *&c.*

Smectymnuus, *or the Club-Divines.*

Smectymnuus? The Goblin makes me ſtart:
I'th' Name of Rabbi *Abraham*, what art?
Syriack? or *Arabick?* or *Welſh?* what skilt?
Ap all the Bricklayers that *Babell* built.
Some Conjurer tranſlate, and let me know it:
Till then 'tis fit for a Weſt-Saxon Poet.
But doe the Brother-hood then play their prizes,
Like Mummers in Religion with diſguiſes?
Out-brave us with a name in Rank and File,
A Name which if 'twere train'd would ſpred a mile?
The Saints Monopolie, the zealous Cluſter,
Which like a Porcupine preſents a Muſter,
And ſhoots his quills at Biſhops and their Sees,
A devout litter of young *Maccabees*.
Thus Jack-of-all-trades, hath devoutly ſhowne
The twelve Apoſtles on a Cherry-ſtone.
Thus Faction's All-a-Mode in Treaſons faſhion;
Now we have Hereſie by Complication.
Like to *Don Quixots* Roſary of Slaves
Strung on a chaine; A Murnivall of Knaves
Packt in a Trick; like Gypſies when they ride,
Or like Colleagues which ſit all of a ſide:

So the vaine Satyrists ſtand all a row,
As hallow teeth upon a Lute-ſtring ſhow.
Th' *Italian* Monſter pregnant with his Brother,
Natures *Dyareſis*, halfe one another,
He, with his little Sides-man *Lazarus*,
Muſt both give way unto *Smectymnuus*.
Next *Strubridge-Faire* is *Smec's*, for loe his ſide
Into a five fold *Laz'ar's* multipli'd.
Under each arme there's tuckt a double Gyſſard,
Five faces lurke under one ſingle vizzard.
The Whore of *Babylon* left theſe brats behind,
Heires of Confuſion by *Gavell-kind*.
I think *Pythagoras's* ſoule is rambl'd hither,
with all the change of Rayment on together:
Smec is her generall Wardrobe, ſhee'l not dare
To thinke of him as of a thorough-fare;
He ſtops the Goſſopping Dame; alone he is
The Purlew of a *Metempſuchoſis*.
Like a Scotch Marke, where the more modeſt ſenſe
Checks the loud phraſe, & ſhrinks to thirteen pence:
Like to an *Ignis fatuus*, whoſe flame
Though ſometimes tripartite, joynes in the ſame:
Like to nine Taylors, who if rightly ſpell'd,
Into one man, are monoſyllabled.
Short-handed zeale in one hath cramped many,
Like to the Decalogue in a ſingle penny.
See, ſee, how cloſe the Curs hunt under a ſheet,
As if they ſpent in Quire, and ſcan'd their feet;
One Cure and five Incumbents leap a Truſs,
The title ſure muſt be litigious.
The *Saddukes* would raiſe a queſtion,
Who muſt be *Smec* at th' Reſurrection.

Who

Who cook'd them up together were to blame,
Had they but wyre-drawne, and ſpun out their name,
'Twould make another Prentiſes Petition
Againſt the Biſhops, and their Superſtition.
Robſon and *French* (that count from five to five,
As farre as nature fingers did contrive,
Shee ſaw they would be Seſſers; that's the cauſe
Shee cleft their hoof into ſo many clawes)
May tire their Carret-bunch, yet ne're agree
To rate *Smectymnuus* for Polemonie.
Caligula, whoſe pride was Mankinds Baile,
As who diſdain'd to murder by retaile,
Wiſhing the world had but one generall Neck,
His glutton blade might have found game in *Smec.*
No Eccho can improve the Author more,
Whoſe lungs payes uſe on uſe to halfe a ſcore.
No Fellon is more letter'd, though the brand
Both ſuperſcribes his ſhoulder and his hand.
Some Welch-man was his Godfather; for he
Weares in his name his Genealogie.
The Banes are askt, would but the times give way,
Betwixt *Smectymnuus*, and *Et cætera.*
The Gueſts invited by a friendly Summons,
Should be the Convocation, and the Commons.
The Prieſt to tie the Foxes tailes together,
Moſeley, or *Sancta Clara*, chuſe you whether.
See, what an off-ſpring every one expects?
What ſtrange pluralities of Men and Sects?
One ſayes hee'l get a Veſtery; another
Is for a Synod: Bet upon the Mother.
Faith cry *St. George*, let them go to't, and ſtickle,
Whether a Conclave, or a Conventicle.

Thus

Thus might Religions caterwaule, and ſpight,
Which uſes to divorce, might once unite.
But their croſſe fortunes interdict their trade;
The Groome is Rampant, but the Bride diſplai'd.
My task is done; all my hee-Goats are milkt;
So many Cards i'th ſtock, and yet be bilkt?
I could by Letters now untwiſt the rable;
Whip *Smec* from Conſtable to Conſtable.
But there I leave you to another dreſſing,
Onely kneel downe, and take your Fathers bleſſing.
May the *Queen-Mother* juſtifie your feares,
And ſtretch her Patent to your leather-eares.

The Mixt Aſſembly.

FLeabitten Synod: an Aſſembly brew'd
Of Clerks and Elders *ana*, like the rude
Chaos of Presbyt'ry, where Lay-men guide
With the tame Woolpack Clergie by their ſide.
Who askt the Banes'twixt theſe diſcolour'd Mates?
A ſtrange *Grotteſco* this, the Church and States
(Moſt divine tick-tack) in a pye-bald crew,
To ſerve as table-men of divers hue.
Shee that conceiv'd an *Æthiopian* heire
By picture, when the parents both were faire,
At ſight of you had born a dappl'd ſon.
You chequering her 'magination.
Had *Jacobs* flock but ſeen you fit, the dams
Had brought forth ſpeckled and ringſtreaked lambs.
Like an Impropriatours Motley kind,
VVhoſe Scarlet Coat is with a Caſſock lin'd.

Like

Like the Lay-thiefe in a Canonick weed,
Sure of his Clergie e're he did the deed.
Like *Royſton* Crowes, who are (as I may ſay)
Friers of both the Orders *Black* and *Gray*.
So mixt they are, one knows not whether's thicker,
A Layre of Burgeſſe, or a Layre of Vicar.
Have they uſurp'd what Royall *Judah* had?
And now muſt *Levi* too part ſtakes with *Gad*?
The Scepter and the Croſier are the Crutches,
VVhich if not truſted in their pious Clutches,
Will faile the Criple State. And were't not pity
But both ſhould ſerve the yardwand of the City?
That *Iſaac* might ſtroke his beard, and ſit
Judge of *ius ædis* and *Elegerit*,
Oh that they were in chalk and charcole drawne!
The Miſſelany Satyr, and the Fawne,
And all th' Adulteries of twiſted nature
but faintly repreſent this ridling feature,
VVhoſe Members being not Tallies, they'l not own
Their fellowes at the Reſurrection.
Strange Scarlet Doctors theſe, they'l paſſe in Story
For ſinners halfe refin'd in Purgatory;
Or parboyl'd Lobſters, where there joyntly rules
The fading Sables and the coming Gules.
The flea that *Falſtaffe* damn'd, thus lewdly ſhowes
Tormented in the flames of *Bardolphs* Noſe.
Like him that wore the Dialogue of Cloaks,
This ſhoulder *John a Styles*, that *John a Noaks*.
Like Jewes and Chriſtians in a ſhip together,
With an old Neck-verſe to diſtinguiſh either.
Like their intended Diſcipline to boot,
Or Whatſoe're hath neither head nor foot:

Such

Such may theſe ſtript ſtuffe hangings ſeem to be,
Sacriledge matcht with Codpeece-Symony;
Be ſick and dream a little, you may then
Phanſie theſe Linſie-Woolſie Veſtry-men.
Forbeare good *Pembroke*, be not over-daring,
Such Company may chance to ſpoile thy ſwearing:
And theſe Drum-Major oaths of Bulke unruly,
May dwindle to a feeble *By my truly*.
Hee that the Noble *Percyes* blood inherits,
Will he ſtrike up a *Hot ſpur* of the ſpirits?
Hee'l fright the *Obadiahs* out of tune,
With his uncircumciſed *Algernoon*.
A name ſo ſtubborne, 'tis not to be ſcan'd
By him in *Gath* with the ſix finger'd hand.
See, they obey the Magick of my words.
Preſto; they're gone. And now the Houſe of Lords
Looks like the wither'd face of an old hagg,
But with three teeth, like to a triple gagg.
A Jig, a Jig: And in this Antick dance,
Fielding, and doxy *Marſhall* firſt advance.
Twiſs blowes the Scotch pipes, and the loving braſe
Puts on the traces, and treads Cinqu-a-pace.
Then *Say and Seale* muſt his old Hamſtrings ſupple,
And he and rumpl'd *Palmer* make a couple.
Palmer's a fruitful girle, if hee'l unfold her,
The Midwife may finde worke about her ſhoulder.
Kimbolton, that rebellious *Boanerges*,
Muſt be content to ſaddle Doctor *Burges*.
If *Burges* get a clap, 'tis ne're the worſe,
But the fift time of his Compurgators.
Nol Bowles is coy; good ſadneſſe cannot dance
But in obedience to the Ordinance,

Her

Her *Wharton* wheeles about till *Mumping Lidy*,
Like the full Moone, hath made his Lordship giddy.
Pym and the *Members* must their giblets levy
T'incounter Madam *Smec*, that single Bevy.
If they two truck togeather, 'will not be
A Childbirth, but a Gaole-Deliverie.
Thus every *Gibeline* hath got his *Guelph*,
But *Selden*, hee's a Galliard by himself,
And well may be; there's more Divines in him
Then in all this their Jewish *Sanhedrim*:
Whose Canons in the forge shall then bear date,
When Mules their Cosin-Germanes generate.
Thus *Moses* Law is violated now,
The Ox and Asse go yok'd in the same plough.
Resign thy Coach-box *Twisse*; *Brook's* Preacher, he
Would sort the beasts with more conformity.
Water & earth make but one Globe, a Roundhead
Is Clergy-Lay *Party-per-pale* compounded.

The Kings disguise.

AND why a Tenant to this vile disguise, (eyes)
Which who but sees blasphemes thee with his
My twins of light within their pent-house shrinke,
And hold it their Allegeance now to winke.
Oh for a State-distinction to arraigne
Charles of high Treason 'gainst my Soveraigne.
What an usurper to his prince is wont,
Cloyster and shave him, he himselfe hath don't.
His muffled feature speakes him a recluse,
His ruines prove him a religious house.

The Sun hath mew'd her beames from off his lamp,
And Majesty defac'd the Royall stamp.
Is't not enough thy Dignity's in thrall,
But thou'lt transmute it in thy shape and all?
As if thy Blacks were of too faint a die,
Without the tincture of Tautologie.
Flay an Egyptian for his Cassock skin
Spun of his Countreys darkenesse, line't within
With Prebyterian budge, that drowsey trance,
The Synods sable, foggy ignorance.
Nor bodily nor ghostly Negro could
Rough-cast thy figure in a sadder mould.
This privy-chamber of thy shape would be
But the close mourner of thy Royaltie.
'Twill breake the circle of thy Jailors spell:
A Pearle within a rugged Oysters shell.
Heaven, which the minster of thy person owns,
Will fine thee for Dilapidations.
Like to a martir'd Abbeys courser doome,
Devoutly altered to a Pigeon roome:
Or like the colledge by the changeling rabble,
Manchesters Elves transform'd into a Stable.
Or if there be a prophanation higher,
Such is the sacriledge of thine Attire.
By which th'art halfe depos'd, thou look'st like one,
Whose lookes are under sequestration.
Whose Renegado forme at the first glance,
Shewes like the selfe-denying Ordinance.
Angell of light, and darkenesse too, I doubt,
Inspir'd within, and yet possess'd without.
Majestick twilight in the state of grace,
Yet with an excommunicated face.

Charles

Charles and his Maske are of a different mint,
A Pſalme of mercy in a miſcreant print.
The Sun wears Midnight, Day is Beetle-brow'd,
And lightning is in Keldar of a cloud,
Oh the accurſt Stenographie of fate!
The Princely Eagle ſhrunke into a Bat.
What charme, what Magick vapour can it be
That ſhrinks his rayes to this Apoſtaſie?
It is no ſubtile filme of tiffany ayre,
No Cob web vizard, ſuch as Ladies weare,
When they are veyl'd one purpoſe to be ſeene,
Doubling their luſtre by their vanquiſht Skreene:
Nor the falſe ſcabbard of a Princes tough
Metall, and three-pil'd darkneſſe, like the * ſlough
Of an impriſoned flame, 'tis *Faux* in graine,
Darke Lanthorn to our high Meridian.
Hell belcht the damp, the *Warwick* Caſtle-Vote
Rang *Britains* Curfeu, ſo our light went out.
Thy viſage is not legible, the letters,
Like a Lords name, writ in phantaſtick fetters:
Cloathes where a Switzer might be buried quicke,
Sure they would fit the Body politique.
Falſe beard enough, to fit a ſtages plot,
For that's the ambuſh of their wit, God wot.
Nay all his properries ſo ſtrange appeare,
Y'are not i'th' preſence, though the King be there.
A Libell is his dreſſe, a garb uncouth,
Such as the * *Hue* and *Cry* once purg'd at mouth.
Scribling Aſſaſinate thy lines atteſt
An eare-mark due; Cub of the Blatant Beaſt,
Whoſe breath before 'tis ſyllabled for worſe,
Is blaſphemy unfledg'd, a callow curſe.

* A damp, in Cole-pits uſuall.

* Britanicus.

The Laplanders when they would ſell a wind
Wafting to hell, bag up thy phraſe, and bind
It to the Barque, which at the voyage end
Shifts Poop, and brings the Collick in the fiend.
But I'le not dub thee with a glorious ſcar,
Nor ſinke thy Skuller with a Man of War.
The black-mouth'd *Siquis* and this ſlandering ſuit,
Both do alike in picture execute.
But ſince we are all call'd Papiſt, why not date,
Devotion to the rags thus conſecrate.
As Temples uſe to have their Porches wrought
With Sphynxes, creatures of an antick draught,
And puzling Portraitures to ſhew that there
Riddles inhabited, the like is here.
But pardon Sir, ſince I preſume to be
Clerk of this Cloſet to your Majeſtie;
Me thinks in this your darke miſterious dreſſe,
I ſee the Goſpell couch'd in Parables.
At my text view, my pur-blind fancy ripes,
And ſhews Religion in its dusky types.
Such a Text Royal, ſo obſcure a ſhade
Was *Solomon* in proverbs all array'd.
Come all ye brats of this expounding age,
To whom the ſpirit is in pupillage;
You that damne more then ever *Sampſon* ſlew,
And with his engine the ſame jaw-bone too:
How is't, he ſcapes your inquiſition free,
Since bound up in the Bibles Diverſie?
Hence Cabinet Intruders, Cicklocks hence,
You that dim Jewells with your *Briſtoll*-ſenſe:
And Characters, like Witches, ſo torment,
Till they confeſſe a guilt, though innocent.

Keyes,

Keyes for this Coffer you can never get,
None but S. *Peter's* op's this Cabinet.
This Cabinet whose aſpect would benight
Critick Spectators with redundant light.
A Prince moſt ſeen is leaſt: What Scriptures call
The Revelation is moſt miſticall.
Mount then thou ſhadow Royall, and with haſt,
Advance thy morning ſtar *Charle's* overcaſt.
May thy ſtrange journey, contradictions twiſt,
And force faire weather from a Scottiſh miſt.
Heavens Confeſſors are pos'd thoſe ſtar-ey'd Sages
To interpret an Eclipſe, thus riding ſtages.
Thus *Iſrael*-like he travells with a cloud,
Both as a Conduct to him and a ſhroud,
But oh! he goes to *Gibeon* and renews
A league with mouldie bread and clouted ſhoes.

The Rebell Scot.

HOw! Providence! and yet a Scottiſh crew!
Then Madam nature wears black patches too.
What? ſhall our Nation be in bondage thus
Unto a Land that truckles under us?
Ring the bells backward; I am all on fire,
Not all the buckets in a Countrey Quire
Shall quench my rage. A Poet ſhould be fear'd,
When angry, like a Comets flaming beard.
And where's the Stoick? can his wrath appeaſe
To ſee his Countrey ſick of *Pym's* diſeaſe
By Scotch invaſion to be made a prey
To ſuch Pig-waggin *Mercenaries* as they?

But that there's charm in verſe I would not quote
The name of *Scot* without an Antidote;
Unleſſe my head were red that I might brew
Invention there that might be poyſon too.
Were I a drowſie Judge whoſe diſmall Note
Diſgorgeth halters, as a Juglers throat
Doth ribbands: cou'd I (in Sir Emp'ricks tone)
Speak pills in phraſe, and quick deſtruction:
Or roare like *Marſhall* that *Geneva*-Bull,
Hell and damnation a pulpit full:
Yet to expreſſe a *Scot* to play that prize,
Not all thoſe mouth Granadoes can ſuffice,
Before a *Scot* can properly be curſt,
I muſt like *Hocus* ſwallow daggers firſt.

Come keen *Iambicks*, with your Badgers feet,
And badger-like, bite till your teeth doe meet.
Help ye tart ſatyriſts to imp my rage,
With all the ſcorpions that ſhould whip this age.
Scots are like Witches; do but wher your pen,
Scrach till the bloud come, they'l not hurt you then
Now as the Martyrs were inforc'd to take
The ſhape of beaſts, like hypocrites, at ſtake,
I'le bait my *Scot* ſo; yet not cheat your eyes,
A *Scot* within a beaſt is no diſguiſe.

No more let *Ireland* brag, her harmleſſe Nation
Foſters no venome, ſince the Scots plantation:
Nor can ours feign'd Antiquity maintaine;
Since they came in, *England* hath wolves againe.
The *Scot* that kept the Tower might have ſhowne
(Within the grate of his own breaſt alone)
The Leopard and the panther, and ingroſt
What all thoſe wild Collegiats had coſt.

The

The honeſt High-ſhoes, in their Termly Fees,
Firſt to the ſalvage Lawyer, next to theſe.
Nature her ſelfe doth Scotch-men beaſts confeſſe,
Making their Countrey ſuch a wilderneſſe:
A Land, that brings in queſtion and ſuſpenſe
Gods omnipreſence, but that CHARLES came thence.
But that *Montroſe* and *Crawfords* loyall Band
Atton'd their ſins, and chriſt'ned halfe the Land:
Nor is it all the Nation hath theſe ſpots;
There is a Church, as well as *Kirk* of Scots:
As in a picture, where the ſquinting paint
Shewes Fiend on this ſide, and on that ſide Saint;
He that ſaw Hell in's melancholy dreame,
And in the twilight of his Fancy's theame.
Scar'd from his ſinnes, repented in a fright,
Had he view'd Scotland, had turn'd Profelite.
A Land, where one may pray with curſt intent;
O may they never ſuffer baniſhment! (doome,
Had *Cain* been *Scot*, God would have chang'd his
Not forc'd him wander, but confin'd him home.
Like Jewes they ſpread, and as Infection flie,
As if the Divell had Ubiquitie.
Hence 'tis they live at Rovers; and deſie
This or that place, Rags of Geographie.
They're Citizens o'th World; they're all in all,
Scotland's a Nation Epidemicall.
And yet they ramble not, to learne the Mode
How to be dreſt, or how to liſp abroad,
To return knowing in the Spaniſh ſhrug,
Or which of the Dutch States a double Jug
Reſembles moſt, in Belly, or in Beard:
(The Card by which the Mariners are ſteer'd.)

No's

No, the *Scots-Errant* fight, and fight to eat;
Their Eſtrich-ſtomacks make their ſwords their meat:
Nature with Scots as Tooth-drawers hath dealt,
Who uſe to hang their Teeth upon their Belt.
Yet wonder not at this their happy choice;
The ſerpent's fatall ſtill to *Paradiſe*.
Sure *England* hath the Hemerods, and theſe
On the North-poſture of the patient ſeize,
Like Leeches: thus they phyſically thirſt
After our blood, but in the cure ſhall burſt.
Let them not think to make us run o'th'ſcore,
To purchaſe Villanage as once before,
When an Act paſt, to ſtroake them on the head,
Call them good Subjects, buy them Ginger-bread.
Nor gold, nor Acts of Grace; 'tis ſteel muſt tame
The ſtubborn *Scot*: A Prince that would reclaime
Rebells by yeelding, doth like him, (or worſe)
Who ſadled his own back to ſhame his horſe;
Was it for this you gave your leaner ſoyle,
Thus to lard Iſrael with Egypts ſpoyle?
They are the Goſpels Life-guard; but for them,
The Garriſon of new Jeruſalem,
What would the Brethren do? the Cauſe! the Cauſe!
Sack-poſſets, and the Fundamentall-Lawes!
Lord! what a goodly thing is want of ſhirts!
How a Scotch-ſtomack, and no meat, converts!
They wanted food, and raiment; ſo they took
Religion for their Seamſtreſſe and their Cook.
Unmask them well; their honours and eſtate,
As well as conſcience, are ſophiſticate.
Shrive but their Titles, and their money poize,
A Laird and twenty pound pronounc'd with noiſe,

When

When conſtrued, but for a plaine Yeoman go,
And a good ſober two-pence, and well ſo.
Hence then you proud Impoſtors, get you gone,
You Picts in Gentry and Devotion:
You ſcandalls to the ſtock of Verſe! a race!
Able to bring the Gibbit in diſgrace.
Hyperbolus by ſuffering did traduce
The Oſtraciſme, and ſham'd it out of uſe.
The Indian that heaven did forſweare,
Becauſe he heard the Spaniards were there,
Had he but known what Scots in hell had been,
He would *Eraſmus*-like have hung between.
My Muſe hath done. A Voider for the nonce!
I wrong the Devill ſhould I pick the bones.
That diſh is his: for when the Scots deceaſe
Hell like their Nation feeds on Barnacles.
A Scot, when from the Gallow-tree got looſe,
Drops into *Styx*, and turnes a Soland-Gooſe.

To P. Rupert.

O That I could but vote my ſelfe a Poet!
Or had the Legiſlative knacke to do it!
Or, like the Doctors Militant, could get
Dub'd at adventures Verſer Banneret!
Or had I *Cacus* tricke to make my Rimes
Their owne Antipodes, and track the times:
Faces about, ſayes the *Remonſtrant* Spirit;
Allegeance is Malignant, Treaſon merit:
Huntington-colt, that poſ'd the Sage Recorder,
Might be a Surgeon now, and paſſe by Order.

Had I but *Elſyng's* gift (that ſplay-mouth'd Brother)
That declares one way, and yet meanes another:
Could I but write a-ſquint; then (Sir) long ſince
You had been ſung, *A Great and glorious Prince.*
I had obſerv'd the Language of the dayes;
Blaſphem'd you, and then Periwigg'd the Phraſe
With Humble Service and ſuch other Fuſtian,
Bels which ring backward in this great combuſtion.
I had revil'd you; and without offence,
The Literall, and *Equitable Sence*
Would make it good: when all failes that will do't:
Sure that diſtinction cleft the Devils Foot.
This were my Dialect, would your Highneſſe pleaſe
To read me but with Hebrew Spectacles;
Interpret Counter, what is Croſſe rehears'd:
Libels are commendations, when revers'd.
Juſt as an Optique Glaſſe contracts the ſight
At one end, but when turn'd doth multiply't.
But you'r enchanted, Sir; you'r doubly free
From the great Guns, and ſquibbing Poetrie;
Whom neither Bilbo, nor Invention pierces,
Proofe even 'gainſt the Artillery of Verſes.
Strange! that the Muſes cannot wound your Maile;
If not their Art, yet let their Sex prevaile.
At that known Leaguer, where the *Bonny Beſſes*
Supplyed the Bow-ſtrings with their twiſted treſſes,
Your ſpels could ne'r have fenc'd you: every arrow
Had lane'd your noble breſt, and drunk the marrow:
For beauty, like white powder makes no noiſe;
And yet the ſilent Hypocrite deſtroyes.
Then uſe the Nuns of *Helicon* with pity,
Leſt *Wharton* tell his Goſſips of the City;

That

That you kill women too; nay Maids; and ſuch
Their *Generall* wants *Militia* to touch.
Impotent *Eſſex*! is it not a ſhame
Our Common-wealth, like to a *Turkiſh Dame*,
Should have an *Eunuch* Guardian? may ſhe bee
Raviſh'd by *Charles*, rather then ſav'd by thee.
But why, my Muſe, like a Green-ſickneſſe-Girle,
Feed'ſt thou on coales and dirt? a Gelding-Earle
Gives no more reliſh to thy Female Palat,
Then to that Aſſe did once the thiſtle Sallat.
Then quit the barren theme; and all at once
Thou and thy ſiſters like bright *Amazons*,
Give *RUPERT* an alarum, *RUPERT*! one
Whoſe name is wits Superfœtation.
Makes fancie, like eternities round wombe,
Unite all Valour; preſent, paſt, to come.
He, who the old Philoſophy controules,
That voted downe plurality of ſoules.
He breaths a grand Committee; all that were
The wonders of their Age, conſtellate here.
And as the elder ſiſters, growth and ſence
(Soules Paramount themſeves) in man commence
But faculties of reaſons Queen; no more
Are they to him, who were compleat before.
Ingredients of his vertue thread the Beads
Of *Cæſars* Acts, great *Pompey's* and the Swedes:
And 'tis a bracelet fit for *Rupert's* hand,
By which that vaſt *Triumvirate* is ſpann'd.
Here, here is Palmeſtry; here you may read
How long the world ſhall live, and when't ſhal bleed.
Whatever man winds up, that *RUPERT* hath:
For Nature rais'd him of the *Publike Faith*,

Pandora's Brother, to make up whose store,
The Gods were faine to run upon the score.
Such was the Painters Brieve for *Venus* face;
Item an eye from *Jane*, a lip from *Grace*.
Let *Isaac* and his Cit'z. flea off the Place
That tips their Antlets for the Calfe of Stace;
Let the zeal-twanging Nose, that wants a ridge,
Snuffling devoutly, drop his silver bridge:
Yes, and the Gossips spoon augment the summe,
Although poore *Caleb* lose his Christendome:
Rupert out-weighs that in his Sterling-selfe,
Which their selfe-wants pryes in commuting pe'se.
Pardon, great Sir; for that ignoble crew
Gaines, when made Bankrupt, in the scales with you.
As he, who in his Character of light
Stil'd it *Gods Shadow*, made it farre more bright
By an Eclipse so glorious; (light is dim
And a black nothing, when compar'd to him)
So 'tis illustrious to be *Ruperts* Foile,
And a just Trophee to be made his spoile.
I'le pin my faith on the *Diurnalls* sleeve
Hereafter, and the *Guild-Hall* Creed beleeve;
The conquests, which the Common-Councell hears
With their wide-list'ning mouths from the great (Peers
That ran away in triumph: such a Foe
Can make them victors in their overthrow.
Where providence and valour meet in one,
Courage so poiz'd with circumspection,
That he revives the quarrell once againe
Of the Soules throne, whether in heart or braine;
And leaves it a drawn match: whose fervour can
Hatch him, whom Nature poach'd but Half a Man.

His

His Trumpet, like the Angels at the laſt,
Makes the ſoule riſe by a miraculous blaſt:
'Twas the Mount *Athos* carv'd in ſhape of man,
(As 'twas defin'd by th' *Macedonian*)
Whoſe right hand ſhould a populous land contain,
The left ſhould be a Channell to the maine:
His ſpirit might informe th' Amphibious figure;
Yet ſtraight-lac'd ſweats for a Dominion bigger:
The terrour of whoſe name can out of ſeven,
(Like *Falſtaffe's* Buckram men) make flye eleven.
Thus ſome grow rich by breaking; Vipers thus
By being ſlaine, are made more numerous.
No wonder they'l confeſſe, no loſſe of men;
For *Rupert* knocks 'em, till they gigg agen.
They feare the Giblets of his traine; they fear
Even his Dog, that four-legg'd *Cavalier*:
He that devours the ſcraps, which *Lindsford* makes,
Whoſe picture feeds upon a child in ſtakes:
Who name but *Charles*, he comes aloft for him,
But holds up his Malignant leg at *Pym*.
'Gainſt whom they've ſeverall Arricles in ſouſe;
Firſt, that he barks againſt the ſenſe o'th Houſe.
Reſolv'd Delinquent, to the *Tower* ſtraight;
Either to th' Lions, or the Biſhops Grate.
Next, for his ceremonious wag o'th taile:
But there the Siſterhood will be his Baile,
At leaſt the Counteſſe will, *Duſt's Amſterdam*,
That lets in all religious of the game.
Thirdly, he ſmells Intelligence, that's better,
And cheaper too, then *Pym's* for his own Letter:
Who's doubly paid (fortune or wee the blinder?)
For making plots, and then for Foa the Finder.

Laſtly,

Laſtly, he is a Devill without doubt;
For when he would lie down, he wheels about,
Makes circles, and is couchant in a ring;
And therefore ſcore up one for conjuring. (ter!
What canſt thou ſay, thou wretch? O quarter, quar-
I'm but an Inſtrument, a meer S. *Arthur*.
If I muſt hang, ô let not our fates vary,
Whoſe office 'tis alike to fetch and carry!
No hopes of a reprieve, the mutinous ſtir
That ſtrung the Jeſuite, will diſpatch a cur.
Were I a Devill, as the Rebell feares,
I ſee the Houſe would try me by my Peeres.
There *Fowler*, there! ah *Fowler*! ſt! 'tis nought
What e're the Accuſers cry, they'r at a fault;
And *Glyn*, and *Maynard* have no more to ſay,
Then when the glorious *Strafford* ſtood at Bay.
Thus Labels but annex'd to him we ſee,
Enjoy a copyhold of Victory.
S. *Peters* ſhadow heal'd; *Ruperts* is ſuch,
'Twould find S. *Peters* work, yet wound as much.
He gags their guns, defeats their dire intent,
The Cannons doe but liſp and complement.
Sure *Jove* deſcended in a leaden ſhower
To get this *Perſeus*: hence the fatall power
Of ſhot is ſtrangled: bullets thus allied,
Feare to commit an act of Parricide.
Go on brave Prince, and make the world confeſſe,
Thou art the greater world, and that the leſſe.
Scatter the accumulative King; untruſſe
That five-fold fiend, the States *SMECTYMNUUS*,
Who place Religion in their Velam-eares;
As in their Phylacters the Jewes did theirs.

Englands

England's a Paradiſe, (and a modeſt Word)
Since guarded by a Cherub's flaming Sword.
Your name can ſcare an Atheiſt to his Prayers;
And cure the Chin-cough better then the bears.
Old *Sybill* charmes the Tooth-ach with you: Nurſe.
Makes you ſtil children; nay and the pon'drous curſe
The Clownes ſalute with, is deriv'd from you;
(*Now* RUPERT *take thee, Rogue; how doſt thou do?*)
In fine, the name of *Rupert* thunders ſo,
Kimbolton's but a rumbling Wheel-barrow.

Epitaph on the Earl of Strafford.

HEre lyes Wiſe and Valiant Duſt,
Huddled up 'twixt Fit and Juſt:
STRAFFORD, who was hurried hence
'Twixt Treaſon and Covenience.
He ſpent his time here in a Miſt;
A *Papiſt*, yet a *Calviniſt*.
His Princes neereſt Joy, and Griefe.
He had, yet wanted all Reliefe.
The Prop and Ruine of the State;
The Peoples violent Love, and Hate:
One in extreames lov'd and abhorr'd.
Riddles lie here; or in a word,
Here lyes Blood; and let it lie
Speechleſſe ſtill, and never crie.

Epitaphium

Epitaphium *Thomæ* Comitis *Straffordii*, &c.

Exurge Cinis, tuúmq; solum qui potis es, scribe Epitaphium
Nequit Wentworthi *non esse facundus vel Cinis.*
Effare Marmor: & quem cœpisti comprehendere,
Marte & Exprimere.
Candidius meretur urna, quam quod rubris
Notatum est literis, Elogium.
Atlas *Regiminis Monarchici hic jacet lassus,*
Secunda Orbis Britannici *intelligentia:*
Rex Politiæ, & Prorex Hiberniæ,
Straffordii, *& Virtutum, Comes:*
Mens, Jovis, Mercurii *ingenium, & lingua* Apollinis;
Cui Anglia Hiberniam *debuit, seipsam* Hibernia.
Sydus Aquilonicum, quod sub rubicunda vespera occidente,
Nox simul & dies visa est: dextroque oculo flevit,
Lævoque lætus est, Anglia.
Theatrum Honoris, itemque Scena calamitosa virtutis
Actoribus, morbo, morte, & invidia,
Quæ ternis animosa Regnis non vicit tamen,
Sed oppressit.
Sic inclinavit Heros (non minus) Caput
Belluæ (vel sic) multorum Capitum
Merces favoris Scotici, præter pecunias,
Erubuit ut tetigit securis,
Similem quippe nunquam degustavit sanguinem.
Monstrum narro: fuit tam infensus Legibus,
Ut prius Legem, quàm nata foret, violavit?
Hunc tamen non sustulit Lex,
Verum Necessitas, non habens Legem.
Abi Viator, cætera memorabunt posteri.

On

On the Archbiſhop of Canterbury.

I Need no Muſe to give my paſſion vent,
He brews his teares that ſtudies to lament.
Verſe chymically weeps; that pious raine
Diſtill'd with Art, is but the ſweat o'th braine.
Who ever ſob'd in numbers? can a groane
Be quaver'd out by ſoft diviſion?
Tis true, for common formall Elegies,
Not *Buſhels* Wells can match a Poets eyes
In wanton water-workes: hee'l tune his teares
From a *Geneva* jig up to the Spheares,
But when he mournes at diſtance, weeps aloof.
Now that the Conduit-head is our own roof,
Now that the fate is publike we may call
It *Britaines* Veſpers, *Englands* Funerall.
Who hath a Penſill to expreſſe the Saint,
But he hath eyes too, waſhing off the paint?
There is no learning but what teares ſurround
Lik to *Seths* Pillars in the Deluge drown'd.
There is no Church, Religion is growne
From much of late, that ſhe's increaſt to none;
Like an Hydropick body full of Rheumes,
Firſt ſwells into a bubble, then conſumes.
The Law is dead, or caſt into a trance,
And by a Law dough-bak't, an Ordinance.
The *Lyturgie*, whoſe doome was voted next,
Died as a Comment upon him the Text.
There nothing lives, life is ſince he is gone,
But a Nocturnall Lucubration.

Thus have you ſeen Deaths Inventory read
In the ſum totall ---- *Canterburies dead.*
A ſight would make a Pagan to baptize
Himſelfe a Convert in his bleeding eyes.
Would thaw the rable that fierce beaſt of ours,
(That which *Agena*-like weeps and devoures)
Tears that flow brackiſh from their ſoules within,
Not to repent, but pickle up their ſin.
Mean time no ſquallid grief his look defiles,
He guilds his ſadder fate with noble ſmiles.
Thus the worlds eye with reconciled ſtreames
Shines in his ſhowers as if he wept his beames.
How could ſucceſſe ſuch villanies applaud?
The State in *Strafford* fell, the Church in *Laud*:
The twins of publike rage adjudg'd to dye,
For Treaſons they ſhould act by Prophecy.
The facts were done before the Lawes were made,
The trump turn'd up after the game was plaid.
Be dull great ſpirits and forbeare to climbe,
For worth is ſin and eminence a crime:
No Church-man can be innocent and high,
'Tis height makes *Grantham* ſteeple ſtand awry.

On

On I.W. *A.*B. *of* York.

SAy, my young Sophiſter, what think'it of this?
Chimæra's reall; *Ergo falleris.*
The Lamb and *Tyger*, Fox and Gooſe agree,
And he-e concorp'rate in one Prodigie.
Call an *Haruſpex* quickly; let him get
Sulphur and *Torches*, and a Lawrell wet
To purifie the place; for ſure the Harmes
This Monſter will produce, tranſcend his Charms.
Tis Natures Maſter-piece of errour, this:
And redeems whatever ſhe did amiſſe
Before, from wonder and reproach, this laſt
Legitimateth all her by-blowes paſt.
Loe here a Generall Metropolitan,
An Arch-Prelatique Presbyterian.
Behold his pious Garbs, Canonique Face,
A zealous *Epiſcopo-maſtix* Grace;
A fair blew apron'd Prieſt, a Lawn-ſleev'd Brother,
One Leg the Pulpit holds, a *Tub* the other.
Let's give him a fit name now, if we can,
And make th'apoſtate once more Chriſtian.
Proteus we cannot call him; he put on
His change of ſhapes by a ſucceſſion:
Nor the *Welch weather-cock*; for that we find,
At once doth only wait upon the wind:
Theſe ſpeak him not; but if you'l name him right,
Call him *Religions Hermophrodite.*
His head i'th ſanctified mould is caſt,
Yet ſticks th'abominable Miter faſt;

He ſtill retaines the *Lordſhip* and the *Grace*,
And yet has got a reverend Elders Place.
Such acts muſt needs be his, who did deviſe
By crying Altars down, to ſacrifice
To private malice; where you might have ſeen
His conſcience holocauſted to his ſpleen.
Unhappy Church! the Viper that did ſhare
Thy greateſt honours, helps to make thee bare,
And void of all thy dignities and ſtore.
Alas! thine own ſonne proves the Forreſt-boare;
And like the Dam-deſtroying Cuckow, hee,
When the thick ſhell of his Welſh Pedigree,
By thy warm-foſt'ring bounty did divide
And open, ſtrait thence ſprung forth parricide:
As it 'twas juſt, revenge ſhould be diſpatcht
In thee, by th'Monſter, which thy ſelfe hadſt hatcht,
Deſpaire not though; in Wales there may be got,
As well as Lincolnſhire, an antidote,
Gainſt the foul'ſt venome he can ſpit, though's head
Were chang'd from ſubtill gray to poys'nous red.
Heaven with propitious eyes will look upon
Our Party, now the curſed thing is gone;
And Chaſtiſe Rebels, who nought did miſſe
To fill the meaſure of their ſinnes, but his;
Whoſe foule unparallel'd apoſtaſie,
Like to his ſacred character, ſhall be
Indelible; when ages then of late
More happy grown, with moſt impartiall fate,
A period to his dayes and time ſhall give,
He by ſuch Epitaphs as this ſhall live.

Here Yorks *great* Metropolitan *is laid,*
Who Gods Annointed *and his* Church *betraid.*

THE END.

A Song of Marke Anthony.

WHen as the Nightingall chanted her Vespers,
And the wild Forrester couch'd on the ground,
Venus invited me in th' Evening whispers,
Unto a fragrant field with Roses crown'd:
Where she before had sent
My wishes complement
Unto my hearts content,
Plaid with me on the Green.
Never Marke Anthony
Dallied more wantonly
With the faire Egyptian Queen.

First on her cherry cheekes I mine eyes feasted,
Then feare of surfetting made me retire:
Next on her warme lips, which when I tasted,
My duller spirits made active as fire.
Then we begin to dart
Each at anothers heart,
Arrowes that know no smart;
Sweet lips and smiles between.
Never Marke, &c.

Wanting a glasse to plait her amber tresses,
Which like a bracelet rich deckt mine arme;
Gawdier than Juno weares, when as she graces
Jove with embraces more stately than warme.
Then did she peepe in mine
Eyes humour Christaline;
I in her eyes was seen,
As if we one had been.
Never Marke, &c.

Mysticall Grammer of amorous glances,
Feeling of pulses the Phisicke of Love,
Rhetoricall courtings, and Musicall Dances;
Numbring of kisses Arithmeticke prove.
Eyes like Astronomy,

Streight limbs Geometry :
In her hearts ingeny
Our wits are ſharpe and keene.
Never Marke &c.

When as the Night-raven ſung Pluto's Matins,
And Cerberus *cried three Amens at a bowle;*
When night-wandring Witches put on their pattins,
Midnight as darke as their faces are foule:
Then did the Furies doome
That the night-mare was come;
Such a miſhapen Groome
Puts downe Sir Pomfret *cleane.*
Never did Incubus
Touch ſuch a filthy Sus;
As this fonde Gipſie Queane.

Firſt one her gooſeberry cheekes I mine eyes bleſſed;
Thence feare of vomiting made me retire
Unto her blewer lips, which when I taſted,
My ſpirits were duller than Dun in the mire.
But then her breath tooke place,
Which went an ushers pace,
And made way for her face;
You may gueſſe what I meane.
Never did &c.

Like Snakes engendring, were placed her treſſes,
Or like the ſlimy ſtreakes of ropy Ale;
Uglier than Envy weares, when ſhe confeſſes
Her head is perewigg'd with Adders taile.
But as ſoone as ſhe ſpake,
I heard a harſh Mandrake:
Laugh not at my miſtake,
Her head is Epicene.
Never did &c.

Myſticall Magicke of comparing wrinckles,
Feeling of pulſes, the Palmeſtry of Haggs,

Scold-

Scolding out belches for Rhetoricke twinckles;
With three teeth in her head like to three gaggs,
Rainebowes about her eyes,
And her nose weatherwise;
From them th' Almanacke lies,
Frost, Pond, and Rivers cleane.
Never did, &c.

BRITANICUS his Blessing.

HElls blessing on thee, my blasphemous son,
Thou hast thy brother *Rabshekah* out-done.
Shimei was Courtly, (if compar'd to thee)
Thou every week writ'st higher Blasphemy.
Korahs gainsaying, if compar'd to thine,
Was Peti-treason; Thou in every line
Out-vy'st all these: Thou bravely play'st thy part,
And to our service shew'st a loyall heart.
All I can promise, is, when thou shalt come,
Thou shalt be glorious for thy martyrdome.
Nay thou shalt set thy house in order too,
And in thy death *Achitophel* out-doe.
Thou taughtst the people better to rebell,
Then why shouldst thou not in thy death excell
Both him and all those who came here before,
Since thou (deare sonne) hast done for us much more?
Vicisti Galilae thou shalt cry
(As *Iulian* did) and cast thy bloud on hie.
Or thou shalt die like *Arrius*, who withstood
The Nazarite, voiding both thy guts and bloud.
Yet we will write for thee an Epitaph,
Which who ere reads, he shall not choose but laugh:

Hic jacet Britanicus, Scurra, Babula, Canis, Lanista,
Et filius Belial, & Regis Antagonista.

Here lies *Britanicus* that ſnarling cur,
That ſon of *Belial*, who kept ſuch a ſtur:
Who every Monday ſpent his ſtock of ſpleene
In venomous railing on the King and Queene:
Whom though they both in goodneſſe ſhould forgive,
Yet we have vow'd *Britanicus* muſt not live.

BRITANICUS his Welcome.

I Joy to thinke what Bone-fires ſhall be made,
When thou ſhalt come, great Maſter of our trade.
Hels brazen gates ſhall be ſet ope for thee,
And churliſh *Cerberus* ſhall refuſe his fee.
And when thy ſoule ſhall enter into hell,
It ſhall be welcom'd with a hideous yell.
We will prepare ſuch Muſique for thine eare
As that which pleas'd *Caligula* to heare.
He tooke delight to heare the parting grones
Of tortur'd wretches, and would praiſe their tones.
And now the meaneſt ſoule impriſoned here,
Will in his tortures great *Caligula* jeere:
For we confeſſe it is our greateſt pleaſure
To ſee our tallies ſtrucke, and equall meaſure.
Our inner roomes ſhall be perfum'd for thee,
With *Auricalcus*, *Sulphur*, *Mercurie*.
And for the ſtrength of it I dare preſume
Nor *Spaine*, nor *Rome* has any ſuch perfume.

Of

Of *Sodoms* Apples we will Lambs-wool make,
And drinke carouſes of the Stygian Lake,
This muſt thy Garniſh (ſon) thy welcome be,
And all my Legions ſhall attend on thee.
Nay more, to ſhew thou art a welcome gueſt,
We will prepare for thee a royall Feaſt.
Two fat Presbiters ſides, collerd in Lawne,
In Jeſuits urin ſouc'd, ſhall be thy Brawne.
With *Aqua Regis* we will grind thy muſtard,
And of *Hienna*'s milke wee'l make thy cuſtard,
With th'eggs of Aſpes. O 'tis a curious diſh!
And for a Guſto doth exceed mans wiſh.
Flapdragon we will drinke in ſteed of Wine,
For to this Brawne we drinke this Muſcadine.
This liquor is by cunning Chymiſts drawn
From ſeverall Minerals to digeſt the Brawne.
This with our very breaths to flames will turne,
Hnd like Flapdragon in our ſtomacks burne.
An Ollio we muſt have, a diſh of State,
(A Spaniſh diſh) nere heard of till or late.
The Nymphaes of ſixe wanton ſiſters wombes,
In their owne liquor ſtew'd with Stygian Plummes.
Twelve Round-heads inchpinnes of the largeſt ſize,
Minc'd with the marrow of a Letchers thighs.
Two dozen of pious preaching Siſters tongues,
As many Woodcocks heads, two Foxes lungs.
Who eats this Ollio, he ſhall quickly find
A ſtrange encreaſe of braine and length of wind.
Twelve Independents Gammons ſhall be ſet
Upon the board, well ſmoak'd, and black as jet.
(For the Weſtphalians learnt this art of me,
I was the firſt ere us'd this Cookerie.)

My coſtly Hogooſt I remembred not,
Which is a diſh that muſt not be forgot:
Six Anabaptiſts hearts with Garlick ſtuck:
Two Jeſuites braines, a ſincere Browniſts Pluck,
Stew'd in a Traitors skull with ſublimate:
We with this Hogooſt poiſon many a State.
We for our Fruit will of thoſe Apples have
Which *Eve* our Mother unto *Adam* gave.
Our Cheeſe muſt be rebellious too, and made
Among thoſe States where you have learnt your trade.
Then wee'l conclude our Feaſt; and drinke a Health
In Royall bloud to our new Common-wealth.
Thus you may ſee what honour ſhall be done
To him the Devill ſtiles his deareſt ſonne.

FINIS.